Volume LXXVII CHICAGO, July 13, 1916 Number 20

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Vacation Preaching

Strangers, Transients, Students, and Those Whose Home Churches are Closed, are Cordially Invited to Attend the Services of

ALL SOULS CHURCH

AT

Abraham Lincoln Centre

CORNER OAKWOOD BOULEVARD AND LANGLEY AVENUE

SUNDAYS AT 11 A. M.

Christianity and Civilization's Crisis

July 9—*Dare We Be Christians?*
July 16—*Whence Come Wars?*
July 23—*The Religion of Valor.*
July 30—*Jesus' Way of Non-Resistance.*
August 6—*The Strength of Meekness.*
August 13—*Man's Nature Revealed in War.*
August 20—*Religion—The Neglected Factor.*
August 27—*The Power of the Unseen.*

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 311
A Substitute for War Inspiration 312

THE PULPIT—

Shakespeare the Revelator.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones 314

CONTRIBUTED—

In Memoriam—Charles Angelo Beck.—M. B. P. ... 314
The Committee of Fifteen (Concluded).—S. P. Thrasher 319
The Mourning Dove.—J. H. Ostrander. 321

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—

The Growth of Christianity. XVIII. "The Age of the Crusades" 320

POETRY—

A Mistaken Versifier.—*George Howard Gibson*.. 312
The First American Poem.—*Roger Williams*.... 314
The Cricket.—*Mrs. Merrill E. Gates*..... 323

THE FIELD—

Business—Springfield, Ill..... 322
Charles Stelzle Enters Service of the Federal Council 323

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

TELEPHONES
Douglas 6404-6405-6406-6407

Clark-Lyon Co.

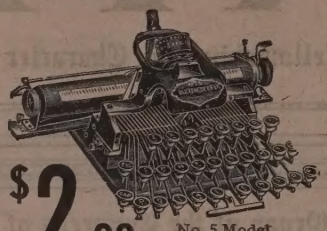
FINE GROCERIES
and
MEATS

▫ ▫ ▫

FRUITS
and
VEGETABLES

3917-19 Cottage Grove Ave.

TYPEWRITER SAMPLES



$2.00 No. 5 Model

Balance $10.00 on delivery. Just a few of these $40.00 machines on hand, while they last at $12.00. These machines are thoroughly guaranteed in every respect. Pin a $2.00 bill to your letter and send in TODAY.

Blickensderfer Mfg. Co.
107 N. Dearborn St. . Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue
Phones: Drexel 115
Automatic 73-096

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE
LIBERAL MINISTRY
Including special courses to meet the growing demand for Parish Assistants, Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including two summer sessions at The University of Chicago. Traveling fellowship yielding $810. Religious education and social service institutes during the summer quarter open to special students with scholarship aid.
Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM **COAL** DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVII. THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1916 NUMBER 20

A MISTAKEN VERSIFIER.

"Man wants but little here below,"
An old-time rhymer wrote. But is it so?
In strife for gain we count the world of worth,
And say of So-and-So "He wants the earth."
Let's turn to sociology, and see
With which idea the scientists agree.

The first, the fundamental, need is health;
And after that we all are wanting wealth;
Next comes, association with our kind;
And stores of knowledge for the opening mind;
Beauty about us rounds our pleasures full—
Provided rightness keys and binds the whole.
But O how few, of these, have more than part!
And who enough to satisfy the heart?

—George Howard Gibson.

The Public speaks of the five militarists bills, signed by Gov. Whitman, as the "shame of New York State," and characterized them as the "most dangerous piece of reactionary legislation that this State has seen for many a long year."

And now there is a new book written by an expert of the Tiffany Company seeking to show that Shakespeare knew all about precious stones. Thus the mighty mystery grows and people are still busy trying to find external explanations for the mysterious power of the human soul. Genius is the sublimest mystery of creation known to man, and when the subtle resources of an ant's brain the size of a pinhead is discovered, the secret of Shakespeare's power can be analyzed and explained.

We are glad to see that the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, the vigilant pastor of the Church of the Messiah, New York, has been given an associate, Rev. Harvey Dee Brown, who will share the responsibilities with Mr. Holmes, who has already outgrown the parochial limits of New York City. He is a national man and has a message which the nation needs, however reluctant many are to heed it.

Our Dumb Animals tells us that eighty-three and one-half per cent of the transportation of our country is still done by horses; and now the country is scoured for sound horses, a hundred thousand of them immediately needed to be "trained" in the semi-torrid climate of Mexico, to be starved for want of rations, to be tormented for want of water, brutally treated by tired and inconsiderate soldiers, and perchance to be torn by bullet and shell, and they cannot see what it is all about and why they should suffer so. Perhaps war will end when men recognize the rights of animals and are willing to defend the same.

The *Continent* tells us that the Methodist Church lost in cold cash $378,000 in the last four years on its newspaper publications, and yet "the conference at Saragtoga refuses to economize on any of the *Advocates.*" This is sane missionary work. If the experience of American journalism proves anything it proves that a "self-sustaining press" is scarcely worth sustaining. A paper that boasts of its prosperity is to be suspected, for such papers must needs be edited from the counting room. The advertiser is scarcely the truthseeker of the twentieth century.

There are indications that jingoism has had its run and is on the wane in American politics. Perhaps the despised Mexicans may after all teach us lessons in internationalism. The following note from the *Continent* is significant.

It is time for Americans to think how they would feel if a Mexican army under like circumstances was encamped as far within the United States as the American army has penetrated into Mexico. That consideration is not by any means the whole consideration to be taken into account in determining how to solve the Mexican difficulty. But it is a consideration that must have its recognized weight if a right solution is worked out. It is the only thought which effectually nullifies jingoism. And unless jingoism is eliminated, the United States will do nothing on the Mexican border or in any other international contact. The false god Jingo is always an evil spirit.

The *Open Court* for July, with its characteristic, timely scholasticism, offers an interesting "Symposium on Erasmus," profusely illustrated with some of the Holbein cartoons designed to illustrate Erasmus' "Praise of Folly," one of the earliest and still one of the most effective exposures of the barbarity and absurdity of war. This message, written in the sixteenth century, is applicable to the American people in the twentieth century.

Why are you always fixing your attention upon the sore place in securing and increasing the comforts of life? Why should they be more quick-sighted in finding evil than good? All men of sense weigh, consider, and use great circumspection before they enter upon any private business of momentous consequence. And yet they throw themselves headlong into war with their eyes shut, notwithstanding war is that kind of evil which when once admitted cannot be excluded again at will, but usually from a little one becomes a very great one, from a single one multiplies into a complication, from an unbloody contest changes to carnage, and at last rises to

a storm which does not overwhelm merely one or two, and those the chief instigators to the mischief, but all the unoffending people also, confounding the innocent with the guilty.

Miss Lutie E. Stearns is a woman known throughout the nation and is being heard gladly from ocean to ocean. Her work in connection with the libraries of Wisconsin is a notable one. When she was asked to join in the "preparedness parade" in Milwaukee she was moved to send an answer which was apparently so much of an argument that the press of the city of Milwaukee had "no room for it." UNITY is glad to be the candlestick to hold aloft such a torch.

To the Members of the Down Town Club:

A Preparedness Parade will be held in this city on July 15th, in which club-women have been invited to participate. Your president has declined to march, while recognizing the right of every member to follow the dictates of her individual conscience. That her position may be understood, your president is sending a copy of this letter to every member.

For years past we have been assured that preparedness for war was the one reliable guarantee of peace. Today it is seen that this is false. It is the nations that have made a fetich of "preparedness" that are "at each other's throats and honor is a tattered rag beneath their trampling feet."

Women, the creators of men, have ever been opposed to their destruction. "The two great peaceable elements of the human race, women and laboring men, will some day have a voice in world politics that will make war impossible." Is there a woman that believes with Roosevelt that "by war alone can we acquire those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life" or that "we must play a great part in the world and especially perform those DEEDS OF BLOOD, OF VALOR, which above everything else bring national renown?" As opposed to such militant doctrine, the world must come sincerely to believe that there is as much honor in LIVING a noble life, exemplifying the Christ spirit of "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men" as in an heroic DEATH on a battle-field.

A great English statesman has said, "War is the failure of human wisdom," while an American statesman has said, "To go to war with a mad nation at this time would be like challenging an insane asylum." A great preacher has said, "Every Christian should do his best to hasten the end of the lie of militarism—that Peace can be made by preparing for war." Daniel Webster said, "Let us thank God that we live in an age when something has influence besides the bayonet." The great Napoleon in his last days said, "The more I study the world the more I am convinced of the inability of force to create anything durable."

The president of your club stands for "a world disarmed and at useful work, free of hates, bigotries and superstitions, giving high place to wisdom and merit and yielding faith to the brotherhood of man that knows not difference in tongues, creeds or colors."

"Above All Nations is Humanity," and Above Humanity is Christ, the Prince of Peace.

Faithfully,

Milwaukee, Wis., July 3, 1916. (Miss) LUTIE E. STEARNS.

We print in our advertising columns this week a call which in Protestant America is a novelty, and, perhaps to some minds, a shocking novelty, but if advertising is justifiable under any circumstances as a means of expediting legitimate exchange of commodities, we see no reason why this advertisement is not in every way legitimate. Here is a church needing a minister; among its limited range of acquaintance no acceptable candidate presents himself. There must be throughout our broad land many ministers unhappily environed or perhaps standing in the market place, and still more young men and women well fitted by temperament and training doubting the call of their own natures from an apparent lack of an opportunity to use their powers. We realize, and we have no doubt the committee realizes, that the trouble is deep-seated. Many ministers are available, right-minded and right-hearted, but lack the final precipitant that wings their words with converting power and touches their personality with the potency of leadership. The discouragements of a liberal minister are many; perhaps the difficulties of a liberal church are still more numerous, but the need of a liberal church in every community is urgent, and the demand for a liberal ministry is a permanent and a growing one. We hope the advertisement in question will set many people thinking, and, if possible, fulfill the mission of an advertisement, namely, bring the want and the supply together.

The International Army for the promotion of World Peace is one of the numerous activities and organizatons that is springing up everywhere to give expression to the widespread recoil of men and women from the dominant militancy that has taken possession of the American press and seeks to dominate the legislative and executive powers of the United States. One of the methods of this army is to "pair off" the amicable citizens of one country against another. The circular issued from the New York office says:

If we cannot stop the war we can at least dissolve the standing armies of the future.

Without a thorough, widespread organization, as has been demonstrated, no great reform can be accomplished. Particularly is such an organization needed if any headway is to be made against an evil as thoroughly organized as war.

We want America to say, in effect, and make plain to other nations the following:

There are in America millions of people who have kindred in your countries.

There are hundreds of thousands of Americans who have friends in your countries.

From an extensive canvass already made we are confident that all these are willing and would, were it necessary, mutually, man for man and woman for woman, pair for peace with their kindred and friends oversea.

Furthermore, our ruler, we are sure, will pair with your rulers; our legislators with your legislators, our leaders of opinion with your leaders of opinion, our masses with your masses.

We believe the acceptance of this as a principle will aid incalculably the rational solution of international difficulties and establish enduring peace and friendship among us. We invite your co-operation.

Upon the great principle herein involved, The International Army takes its stand and, relying solely upon the moral forces, begins its battle for the new age.

We believe it is a principle upon which all may unite, humanitarians and nationalists, nationalists and humanitarians.

We ask the endorsement and the support of the American people.

We want every friend of peace in the nation enrolled.

A Substitute for War Inspirations

Henry James, Percy Mackaye and others have been discussing some substitute for war, some stimu-

lus to patriotism along lines other than the inspirations of battle or the bloodthirsty inheritance from our brute ancestors.

Here are some questions upon which sixth and seventh grade pupils in our public schools ought to be able to make 90 in an examination, but owing to our present distorted system of education, the twist of the military, we fear that there are many of our college graduates, teachers and preachers in such deplorable ignorance that they would be unable to "pass" on the minimum standard of 70 per cent.

1. Where and by whom was Arbor Day first established?
2. What is the purpose of this festival and in how many states is it observed?
3. What is the origin of the word "McAdam?" When is a road said to be macadamized?
4. What is meant by the "King road drag?" Who was the inventor thereof?
5. When and by whom was "Good Roads Day" established?
6. Who was Elliott W. Mayer and for what is he famous?
7. Describe the plan and present achievement of the Lincoln Highway. Same concerning the Dixie Highway.
8. What about Automobile Clubs? Their aim and accomplishments?
9. How many miles of good gravel road can be built for the price of one superdreadnaught? How many miles of macadam road? How many miles of concrete or brick? Indicate the process by which you arrive at the conclusions.
10. What is the challenge which the Governor of Missouri made to the Governor of Kansas in 1913 and what is the result of this challenge?

To answer these questions and to catch something of the new patriotism that is capable of awakening neighborhood enthusiasm, state pride and national ambitions on bloodless lines, read the article by Sarah L. Lockwood in the *Farm and Fireside* of July 1, entitled "Missouri's Good Roads Days; when a state sets aside forty-eight hours for public highways," and then pursue the subject farther by asking the Agricultural Department and the various State commissions and Universities for gratuitous information on this and kindred subjects. To test the patriotic susceptibilities we offer the following information clipped from the article referred to above. If it does not stir the reader with Fourth of July emotions, his soul is still in a stage of arrested development, the slave of military antecedents.

Jackson County (Mo.) was one of the most enthusiastic and tireless in its good roads movement. The report of R. W. McCurdy of Independence, Missouri, a banker who was appointed by the county court to supervise the roadwork of the county, shows that during those first two road days the total amount of work done was: 266 days' work with teams and graders; 144 days' work with teams and wheel scrapers; 1,136 days' work with teams and slip scrapers; 216 days' work with teams and plows; 3,017 days' work with single hands, using picks, shovels, axes, and scythes; 47 days' work with teams hauling supplies; 13 days' work with steam engines and graders; 1,665 pounds of dynamite used; 82¾ miles of roads graded; 78¼ miles of weeds cut; 156 hills worked on; 2,180 feet of culverts, from 12 to 36 inches in diameter, put in; 10.5 miles of road dragged; 12¾ miles of hedge cut; 30 corners rounded; 21 bridges repaired; and 23 culverts repaired.

The money value of the work done in this one county, if paid for at the current rates for such work, would amount to $14,780. In addition to this, $2,199 was donated by public contribution in cash.

In Memoriam

Charles Angelo Beck

1836-1916

"Every earnest man can teach some new lesson, because his life means something."

An earnest man was Charles Angelo Beck, who "fell on sleep" in the early morning hours of June 24th, and UNITY and All Souls Church mourn thereby a friend. Only in the selfish sense do we mourn; rather is it for us to rejoice in this earnest man's completion of a life so purposeful, so broad and far-reaching, so equal to all the demands made upon it.

Mr. Beck's business activities began when, as a boy, almost, he took up his life's chosen work one year after his graduation from high school in his native city of Philadelphia, as telegraph operator. In 1856 he became associated with the Illinois Central Railroad as freight clerk at Dunleith, Ill., now known as East Dubuque, and through his inherent ability to master not only the intricate problems of railroading, but men as well, he rapidly rose to many of the highest offices in the gift of a railroad, and retired after fifty consecutive years of service, at the age of seventy, never having lost a day's salary. From freight clerk he climbed every rung of the ladder till he reached the office of vice-president of the great system. At the time of his retirement he was chairman of the board of pensions, which board he organized. His retirement came not from disability, but as a result of the company's inviolable rule to retire all employes at the age of seventy.

When his associates on the board of pensions retired him they planned for him a happy surprise—that of giving him a lasting memorial of his fifty years of thoughtful, uninterrupted service in which he had risen from obscurity to eminence. This memorial took the form of an illuminated book of resolutions bound in russet morocco, lined with silk of the same shade, lettered in Old English text, the illumination being in shades of purple and gold. It contains the autograph signatures of W. J. Harrahan, W. S. Smith, I. W. Rawn, C. F. Krebs, John E. Owens and William Renshaw. The text of the resolutions follows:

"WHEREAS, Time in its immutable course has recorded threescore and ten years against the life of Mr. C. A. Beck; and

"WHEREAS, Therefore the board has this day placed his name upon the roll of retired officers and employes;

"*Resolved*, That we hereby express our high regard for his sterling qualities; our recognition of the intelligence and zeal displayed by him in organizing and administering the affairs of this board and our thanks for his uniformly courteous conduct toward us;

"*Resolved*, That we also express to him our hearty wish that his life and good health may endure many years longer, that he may enjoy to the fullest measure the fruits of his long and faithful labors;

"*Resolved*, That these preambles and resolutions be entered on the minute book of this board; and

"*Resolved*, That a further testimonial of the same, bearing the autograph signatures of this board and attested by the chairman of this meeting, be delivered to Mr. Beck by the secretary."

Ten hale and happy years followed the good wishes of his associates—years of uninterrupted association with his family, in which he found the leisure to indulge his taste for travel both at home and abroad; time to indulge his lifelong passion for music—which had *always* been his avocation—and books and friends.

Mr. Beck was singularly endowed for friendship; possessing a keen sense of humor, a sunshiny heart and a quick, but ever kind, wit; a strong love for the finest things of life which he was always ready to share—how could he escape friendships? Yet so modestly and simply did he walk among his fellow men that comparatively few knew how many lives in obscure places were touched and helped by his generous hand; how he tempered justice with mercy in his dealings with his fellow workers; how adequately he met all of life's demands.

His never-ceasing joy and earnestness in his work; his loyalty to duty; his fealty to friendship, with a courage unafraid for anything life might impose upon him,—these attributes and habits of his life form the lesson taught us by this friend and brother in the spirit and shall be the consolation of his devoted wife and the priceless heritage of his sons.

"Why be afraid of Death as though your life were breath!
Death but annoints your eyes with clay. O glad surprise!

"Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

"Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping, you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

"Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench?
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

"The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind.
A day, and you will meet; a night, and you will greet!

"This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life.

"And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear,
And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last the best."

—*Maltbie Babcock.*

The funeral services at the home were conducted by the pastor of All Souls Church and were largely attended by Mr. Beck's associates in the work of the Illinois Central for many years, and the perishable part found resting place on the sunny hilltop of East Dubuque, the scene of many years of successful labor and happy home-making life. M. B. P.

THE FIRST AMERICAN POEM.*

When sun doth rise the stars do set,
Yet there's no need of light.
God shines a sun most glorious
When creatures all are right.

The very Indian boys can give
To many stars their name,
And know their course, and therein do
Excel the English tame.

English and Indian none inquire
Whose hand these candles hold;
Who gives these stars their names, Himself
More bright ten-thousand fold.

—*Roger Williams.*

*Printed in England in the first book ever issued by an American author, 1643.

THE PULPIT

Shakespeare the Revelator

Tercentennial Memorial

A Sermon Preached June 6, 1916, at Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Father of us all, God of all nations, source of all the sages, Thou who has revealed thyself to us in the mountain peaks of soul, we need some revelation of the high bonds of brotherhood this morning. We need some guidance into the high realms of fellowship. Father, may the day and the occasion, the theme and the companionship free us from our prejudices and our pride. Save us, Father, from the blindness of sect, creed and nationality. Above the din of battle, beyond the hurrahs of the crowd, may our ears detect some accents of the eternal gospel that fall from the lips of thy chosen ones, who from the table-lands of the soul have spoken to all the nations of men, lifting the humble, the halting, the blind and the vicious into a serener atmosphere where abides the love that knows no country, ignores all boundaries, yields not primal allegiance to any language, race or sect, but rests in the eternal verities that bind the generations and unite the centuries. Shame us out of selfish patriotism into the universal brotherhood where we may become fellow citizens with the redeemed and the enlightened, the loving, the loyal, the truth-telling and truth-serving children of all lands and climes. We thank Thee, Father, for the prophets of the ages. Amen.

The guardians of culture, those who rest in the wealth of literature, are taking too little note of the Tercentennial of the death of William Shakespeare. It is a comment upon the blindness and stolidity that follow in the wake of the war, that this great festival of soul should go by with such slight notice. In this last session of our busy year's study I will at least suggest the thought-provoking phrase—Shakespeare as a Revelator.

Any interpretation of inspiration that will hold the respect of thinking men and prove true to the experience of life must include the insight of the poet, the penetrating power of discovering and interpreting the forces that make for conduct, of disentangling the subtle web of motive that distinguishes between the interests of mind that end in self and the aspirations that spring from love of others.

Any interpretation of revelation that holds must be large enough to include all literature that lays bare the strength and weakness of the human heart, that aids in the development of the human soul, that makes for character.

By these standards Shakespeare stands forever among the inspired teachers of mankind, and any catalogue of the prophets of the Most High that leaves him out is inadequate. Any shelf dedicated to the holy scriptures of the world that has no place for Shakespeare is profane in its omissions. For here are pages in the divine book of revelation to which the discouraged, the perplexed and confused children of men have for three centuries turned in search of wisdom, comfort, inspiration, and have never turned in vain. Here the soul discovers itself reflected as in a mirror.

Shakespeare was a mighty ocean that received into its capacious being rivers of thought and feeling from all the continents of the world. It reflected from its bosom the constellations in every quarter of the

heavens. This Shakespeare ocean is now placid, representing all peace and quietness, and anon tempestuous, tossing its mountain billows with angry roar towards the murky sky, making sublime the awful tempests of human passion.

I wish we knew our Shakespeare better. I sometimes begrudge the space on my library shelves that is occupied by several hundred volumes of other poetry, and wish they might all have given way to one that I might thereby have concentrated the attention, the affection and the study that have been bestowed on this long shelf of lesser lights upon the one great oracle of God.

Shakespeare reveals to us the profundities of the human soul; he camps near the realities of nature; he was susceptible to the marvels of sea and land, of day and night, of earth and stars. None the less did he dwell close to the human heart. He felt the pulsing of human endeavor. He noted the stumbling of poor human nature, ever stumbling to rise again. He interpreted the meanest, the saddest in terms of hopefulness.

The critics tell us that Shakespeare was poor in invention of plots. They readily trace his dramas to such stories and material as were quite at hand, and they found that he generally followed the story slavishly, though sometimes changing it to its hurt. But into these commonplaces of literature he injected profound interpretations of character. It is not the plot in the drama that is Shakespearian, but the characters therein developed, which is another way of saying that he was true to the fundamental experiences of life. His tragedies were born out of human passions, human conceits and human ambitions.

Rather than attempt any fresh appreciation at this time and place, I am going, so far as possible, to let Shakespeare preach to us in his own words.

Antony, the gifted child of genius, favored of circumstances, illustrates the downfall of him who yields to the lure of passion and the debilitating power of luxurious indulgence. He exclaims:

All is lost!
This foul Egyptian hath betray'd me:
My fleet hath yielded to the foe; and yonder
They cast their caps up, and carouse together
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore! 'tis thou
Hast sold me to this novice; and my heart
Makes only wars on thee.

. . . . . .

My knave,
I made these wars for Egypt, and the queen,—
Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine—
Which, whilst it was mine, had annex'd unto't
A million more, now lost,—she, Eros, has
Pack'd cards with Cæsar, and false play'd my glory
Unto an enemy's triumph.—

. . . . . .

Since Cleopatra died,
I have lived in such dishonor, that the gods
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back
With ships made cities, condemn myself to lack
The courage of a woman; less noble mind
Than she, which by her death our Cæsar tells,
"I am conqueror of myself."

Coriolanus, the great braggart in Shakespeare, was the child of a Roman matron who was too much the ideal of the heroic mother of her people, and rejoiced in her son's militarism.

I tell thee, daughter, I sprang not more in joy at first hearing he was a manchild than now in first seeing he had proved himself a man.

This young man, with less cause than his modern Italian successors, chafed under the gibes of peace and longed for a chance to try his manhood and demonstrate his fealty. The prospects of war stirred him, and he exclaimed:

I am glad on't; then we shall ha' means to vent
Our musty superfluity.

He rejoiced that Aufidius was "a lion that I am proud to hunt." With the news that the invaders were approaching, he breaks in from the trenches:

All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shame of Rome! you herd of—boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Further than seen and one infect another
Against the wind a mile! You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves that apes would beat! Pluto and hell!
All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
With flight and argued fear! Mend and charge home,
Or, by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe
And make my wars on you: look to 't: come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches.

His patriotism flames into conceit until at last he turns traitor to his own cause, and when at last his treason thwarts him he breaks out against the foe that once he courted:

Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. "Boy!" O slave!
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I was forced to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie: and his own notion—
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him; that
Must bear my beating to his grave—shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

. . . . . .

Cut me to pieces, Volsces; men and lads;
Stain all your edges on me. "Boy!" false hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Fluttered your Volscians in Corioli:
Alone I did it. "Boy!"

At last the conceited bully comes to the end that overtakes all who mistake pride for valor, though he whom he had insulted said:

My rage is gone;
And I am struck with sorrow. Take him up,
Help, three o' the chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum, that it speaks mournfully;
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.
Assist.

Thus passes the typical hero who is unable to distinguish between love of country and love of self.

Macbeth is the victim of a legitimate ambition which, uncurbed, ripened into a terrible wrong and ruined what might have been a noble nature. While one to whom he owed all fealty was a guest in his house he was urged on by pernicious ambition to a most vicious program. Let him characterize his own motive:

He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking off;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur

To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on th' other.

The tragedies of love often count victims of misplaced confidence in others. The soul is often caught in the cogs of the great machine of destiny which are beyond its control and for which it is not responsible. Shakespeare was large enough to discover such victims, and among them was Lear, more sinned against than sinning:

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens spill at once
That make ingrateful man!

. . . . . .

Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription: then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.
But yet I call your servile ministers,
That will with two pernicious daughters join
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this, O! O! 'tis foul!

Still further:

No, I will be the pattern of all patience;
I will say nothing.

Well did the one daughter with a human heart say:

Was this a face
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Doctor: Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cordelia: How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear: You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave.
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

. . . . . .

Pray, do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

The pathos of life caught in the wheels of destiny, mangled by a fortune for which it is not responsible and which is beyond its control, is revealed only to the great seers of the world. But once revealed, the pitiful experience is recognized by the humblest heart. Aeschylus, the author of Job, and Shakespeare crowned the prophetic mountain with this insight into a universe which, measured by the short swing of time's pendulum, is not partial to individual interest. Most inscrutable is the tragedy of love blinded by jealousy, the most insidious and most venomous passion of the human heart, the surviving serpent lifted into human power. Such a victim was Othello. The most unmitigated rascal even in Shakespeare's great rogue's gallery is Iago, who plunged a noble soul into the blind entanglements of a jealous spirit.

Iago: I do beseech you—
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conjects,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Othello: What dost thou mean?

Iago: Good name in man and woman, dear my lord
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

. . . . . .

O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!

Othello: O misery!

Iago: Poor and content is rich, and rich enough;
But riches fineless is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

What sagacity, so volubly expressed out of a devilish heart!

Othello: Soft you; a word or two before you go.
I have done the state some service, and they know it.
No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice; then must you speak
Of one that loved not wisely but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say, besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
I took by the throat the uncircumcised dog,
And smote him—thus.

As a great revelator of conscience through all these tragedies of passion, conceit, ambition, jealousy and the uncatalogued passions that master sensitive souls in a relentless universe, Shakespeare is supreme. Through all his tragedies conscience, the redeeming voice of God in the heart of human nature, is emphasized by Shakespeare with biblical power, and I know of no volume outside the Jewish and Christian scripture that is comparable to this as a revelation of conscience.

Poor, twisted, unfinished, ill-conceived and ungainly Richard III, he who violated all the instincts of man and beast, defied all the standards of law and order, still had his dreams and awoke into torture. In his sleep he gropes and mumbles:

Give me another horse,—bind up my wounds,
Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—
The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
What do I fear? Myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No;—yes, I am:
Then fly. What, from myself? Great reason why,—
Lest I revenge myself upon myself.
Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no! alas, I rather hate myself
For hateful deeds committed by myself!
I am a villain: yet I lie, I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not flatter.
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree;
All several sins, all used in each degree;
Throng to the bar, crying all *Guilty! Guilty!*
I shall despair. There is no creature loves me;
And, if I die, no soul shall pity me:
Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
Find in myself no pity to myself?

. . . . . .

O Ratcliff, I have dream'd a fearful dream!
What thinkest thou, will our friends prove all true?

. . . . . .

O Ratcliff, I fear, I fear!
Methought the souls of all that I had murder'd
Came to my tent; and every one did threat
Tomorrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

. . . . . .

By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof and led by shallow Richmond.

This is only one of the classic dreams that reveal the eternal law of right through this great Revelator of the soul.

Lady Macbeth, a stalwart soul with infinite courage in the interest of an ambition not for herself but for one whom she loved before herself, could not escape the dream. The Doctor asks:

How came she by that light?

Gent: Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doctor: What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent: It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her to continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady Macbeth: Yet here's a spot.

Doctor: Hark! she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady Macbeth: Out, damned spot! Out, I say!—one, two; why, then 'tis time to do't—Hell is murky!—Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

. . . . . .

The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean—no more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

. . . . . .

Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh!

Doctor: What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent: I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doctor: This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady Macbeth: Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out on's grave.

To bed, to bed, there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done cannot be undone: to bed, to bed, to bed.

Doctor: Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets:
More needs she the divine than the physician:—
God, God forgive us all!—Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her:—so good night:
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:
I think, but dare not speak.

Surely, the torn victims of corrupting ambitions in all courts and in all the wide circles of erring, sinning humanity echo the appeal of Macbeth to the helpless physician:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Cardinal Wolsey, in Henry VIII, echoes the message of the prophets handed him by the great Revelator when he says:

I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels

. . . . . .

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

He speaks from experience when he says:

Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Out of these grim revelations of the tragedies of life it would be religious work, gospel helpfulness, could I, with the help of Shakespeare, lead you into the inner chambers of the meditative souls, those who are susceptible to the seductive charms of nature, the soothing power of the night, the high facsimiles of the daylight. We might find a sermon in Bassanio's reflections on the three caskets, in one of which is located his destiny. The story of the gold, the silver and the leaden caskets is a parable with New Testament potency.

So may the outward shows be least themselves:
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

. . . . . .

Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatenest than does promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence.

And in another selection we find the greatest woman creation of Shakespeare, who stands over and against Hamlet, and who declared in English meter the message of the beatitude of the Master:

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptered sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

Another place and another voice:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
. . . . . .
The reason is, your spirits are attentive:
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music; therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;
Since not so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
The notions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

Portia: That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Said I not well that Shakespeare belongs with the revelators, and that this book belongs to the high scriptures of the world? How well it is to be tutored by them, to use his own phrase:

In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter cross.

No man in literature, Dante not excepted, has so probed the torture chambers of the soul as Shakespeare, and with more than Dantean elasticity he has succeeded in interpreting the grimmest experiences of torture in terms of eternal hope.

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

I should be untrue to this brief attempt to recognize what ought to be a great and gracious festival, not only to the English but to the thinking world, if I did not hint that Shakespeare, more than any other dramatist, lived on the margin of eternity. He was haunted with the thought of immortality. The boundary line between time and eternity was a yielding, vanishing, changing line in Shakespeare.

To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep:
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heartache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream, aye, there's the rub:
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil?
Must give us pause; there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make.
. . . . . .
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

The same soul was haunted with a sense of eternity, with a fear of immortality, if you please, a fear of the "sterile Promontory" of earth, as he called it. Still exclaims, the gospel of science as well as the gospel of Jesus, as I read it:

What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!

Prospero, one of the best balanced creations of Shakespeare, may well be taken for the type of the cultured citizen, the man who has taken counsel of his books that he may administer his life more wisely. After having conjured up the hypothetic outward things of life, he waves them all away:

These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant fade,
Leave not a rock behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

But tutored by such a thought, Miranda, the daughter, carries the message higher and says:

O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Father, when the way grows dark and our feet stumble, help us to be guided by thine illuminating ones; help us ever to call to thy prophets. Amen.

"You can restrain the bold, guide the impetuous, and encourage the timid, but for the weak there is no help; you might as well undertake to stand a wet string up on end."

"There are very many people who stand ready to sacrifice their lives, and their neighbors' lives, too, in defense of their creed, who are willing to let their religion shift for itself."

From the Annual Report of the Committee of Fifteen

(*Concluded.*)

I am making no accusation of any ulterior or impure motives on the part of Chief Healey; I am simply stating cold facts.

When Chief Healey was appointed he promised all Chicago that he would drive the crooks from the city. We all believed that he meant to do it. We are still willing to believe that he was sincere. That he has lamentably failed to accomplish that purpose is a fact which must be evident even to him. I have said before, and I say again, that he must first drive the crooks out of the police department. When he does this, he will be better able to drive the crooks out of Chicago. A vigorous effort to clean up the police department would bring him the support of all the moral forces of the city.

We say unequivocably that without collusion with the police, commercialized vice could not flourish in Chicago. For years there have been persistent rumors that the police were taking graft for protecting vicious resorts. While we believed that to be true to some extent, we confess that we had no idea of the boldness of the operations of the police. We have found policemen going personally and collecting tribute from women, and giving evidence of their willingness to protect vicious resorts by taking the keepers to the Morals Court to point out certain officers of the law against whom the women were to be on guard. We have dictagraph records of conversations and records of telephonic communications which reveal facts indicating that this system of graft is in vogue in all sections of the city where vice is prevalent. This evidence is now in the hands of the State's Attorney awaiting his action.

The Committee has concluded that it will in the future use its utmost endeavor to secure evidence and expose policemen who are engaged in what may be properly called official pandering. Every one found guilty of such practice should be punished to the full extent of the law. The Committee recommends that steps be taken to secure an unhampered force of investigators for the Second Deputy's office who shall have police powers to be exercised independently of any other authority. It is shameful that a policeman should ever be able to tell a keeper of a house of prostitution that she has nothing to fear from the Second Deputy's office, as the "reports from that office will be turned over to the captain of the district and be given to the detectives and nothing further be done about it." We believe also that the State's Attorney's office should have a large force of independent investigators with police power but no official connection with the police department.

It is the sincere desire of the Committee of Fifteen to assist the authorities in every possible way, and the Committee appeals to the administration and to Chief Healey to accept such assistance as it may offer in an effort to bring to punishment exploiters of women and despoilers of character.

One of the most abhorrent conditions relating to matters with which the Committee deals is the proximity of houses of prostitution to school buildings where children of all ages go to prepare for the work of life. The Board of Education is contemplating, or has already begun, an investigation of this matter and seeks the co-operation of the Committee, which will be gladly extended. We have startling facts to reveal to the Board upon request. In this report, I will speak of the conditions surrounding only one school. Within two blocks of that schoolhouse, there have been at one time or another during the last three years a total of sixty-six houses of prostitution in operation. There are several operating within that territory at the present time, and recently the prostitutes have plied their trade in the daytime and have been conspicuous during the afternoon when school is dismissed. Officials who permit that condition to go unchecked should be indicted.

* * * *

In spite of all the discouraging things I have been saying about Chicago, I still have great hope for its future. There is a moral giant abroad in this big city and he is seeking to federate and utilize all the forces which make for city betterment. I hear him saying to the police grafter, "You have been tolerated long enough. We have no further use for you in Chicago"; I hear him saying to the spoils politician who has debauched every department of officialdom, "You, too, must go"; and I see him exercising his power until the police grafter, the spoils politician, the exploiter of women, and the despoiler of virtue no longer menace the city. Call it a vision if you will; to me it is a reality.

In my first utterance to the Committee of Fifteen in the spring of 1913, I said, "I believe the only successful means for coping with organized lawlessness is organized righteousness." I have seen nothing to change my opinion. I reiterate that statement today and express my belief that the moral forces of Chicago will become so organized and efficient as to demand and secure a reasonable observance of all the laws which make for the betterment of the community, and that the time will come when the last haunt of commercialized vice will be driven from Chicago.

* * * *

With firm reliance upon divine guidance, may we not all take courage from the accomplishments of the past year and push forward with renewed vigor in our chosen field of activity, determined to accomplish yet greater things which shall make for the betterment of humanity.

Respectfully submitted,
S. P. THRASHER, Superintendent.

Chicago, Ill.

"In pessimistic spirit people deny that happiness exists, because they expect it to fall from Heaven in 'chunks,' whereas it lies as fine as dust at our feet, all along the way."

It's faith that meets our needs, not worry. Fear and anxiety never produced anything but unhappiness, and unhappiness is unsuccess. Now faith is a fact. It isn't a mere word, as some people think. It's a live wire straight from Omnipotence.—*Perley Poore Sheehan (The Seer).*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of Christianity

Stepping Stones Across the Centuries from Paul to Luther

Being the Sixth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

XVIII.

"The Age of the Crusades"

Rev. Lewis B. Fisher, Leader.

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

"There is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." Matthew Arnold.

By referring to a common dictionary we will see that by the Crusades we mean a number of expeditions undertaken by the Christians of Europe between 1095 and 1272 for the purpose of recovering the Holy Land from the Mohammedans. Historians generally count the Crusades eight in number, although there have been other movements of this sort. These eight cover a period in round numbers of two hundred years. Eight hundred and twenty-one years have passed since our day and the first Crusade.

We will try to glimpse three main points in this study. First, the causes that led to the Crusades. Second, the stories of the Crusades; and third, the effect of them on the world.

To find the causes is like trying to discover all the little streams that empty into the Mississippi Valley—it is impossible.

One cause is the strange rise of the Mohammedan or Islam religion. The question might arise whether Jesus would ever, under any circumstances, be a soldier, but there is no room for that question in regard to Mohammed. Islam took the sword with a vengeance. In one hundred years expeditions had conquered northern Africa, had crossed into Spain at Gibraltar and were barely checked from over-running all Europe by Charles Martel at Tours in 732. Before then they had conquered Syria, Palestine, Persia and Egypt. While Islam owned Palestine it made no objection to Christians visiting the Holy Land. It was a great source of revenue and war budgets cannot be indifferent to revenue.

Pilgrimages went on until 1058, when the Mohammedan leader, Mad Hakem, sent a thrill of horror through Europe by tearing down the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem and slaughtering the devotees. These Mohammedans were Saracens, the name originally of a tribe, but later extended as a general term to cover all Moslems. Another race was converted to Islam, much fiercer than the Saracens,—the Turks or Tartars, who came from the northeastern borders of Turkestan and China. By 1073 this fierce band had occupied what we today call Asia Minor and were knocking at the gates of Constantinople.

In 1093 all Europe was startled by the news that Jerusalem had fallen, with a terrible slaughter of Christians, and the flag of Islam floated from the Tower of David. Two years later the first Crusade started to avenge this outrage. Europe is still at the job, with the Unspeakable Turk, now allied with a Christian nation, still in possession.

This situation was the first cause of the Crusades. The second cause was the rude and warlike spirit of the eleventh century in Europe. An age of gross ignorance, four hundred years before printing, when the vast majority of people lived in a most primitive way, enslaved and protected by feudal lords. War was the only respectable occupation for men. Disputes were settled by combat and ordeals. It was an age of abject superstition and incredible cruelty. These ages were pretty nearly as bad as ours today,—as far as their knowledge and science enabled them to be. Now the majority seems to be clamoring for a universal reign of the same old spirit. The peace men are held up to ridicule by a subsidized press, owned by those who are making millions out of the manufacture and sale of the munitions of war. Under such circumstances, aggravated by great poverty, the prospect of going East with its fabulous wealth, where sacred relics could be secured to sell for large sums, was alluring.

As a third cause we have the institution of chivalry. It was an order of military men called Knights, sworn to the protection of church, the weak and defenseless. Perhaps it did inculcate some ideas of honor and gentleness. Poets and novelists have so covered it with glamor that we can hardly see it as it was. The fact is, that it cared only for ladies of noble birth in romantic circumstances. Chivalry regarded the masses of the common people as we regard insects. It lasted until the first man with a gun appeared and until Cervantes wrote Don Quixote.

Fourth. The feudal system, which made possible the unifying and mobilizing of great masses of men for adventure. In 900 France was divided into twenty-nine states, each under a feudal lord. These lords and dukes came pretty near being modern captains of industry and owning the earth.

Fifth. The papal policy to build one world-wide ecclesiastical state in which all kings and lords should bow to the Pope of Rome.

Sixth. The prevailing superstition that a visit to the Holy Land was a substitute for all righteousness, that Heaven was reserved for Crusaders.

The stories of the Crusades are fascinating. The first started in 1096, when the people, roused by the oratory of Peter the Hermit and Urban II, formed a series of mobs marching by different routes. They robbed and murdered thousands of defenceless Jews. Gibbon says 300,000 of them died by the way, and the residue, crossing the Bosphorus, found Turkey ready for them. The first organized Crusade, numbering 300,000, was led by men of lofty type, such as Godfrey of Bouillon, many mailed knights. They crossed the Bosphorus, marched south, took Nicæa, then Antioch, and finally, though their line of march was whitened by nearly half their number, the Kingdom of Jerusalem. When the walls of Jerusalem fell, these gentle Christians spent seven days in slaughtering Moslems.

In the period between the First and Second Cru-

sades we have the rise of the military Orders, known as Hospitallers or Knights of St. John, and others, men ready to serve the high cause of religion. In this period France began as a nation. The Papacy waxed strong and showed a genuine Hildebrand spirit, making kings stand round in the snow in their back yards, waiting for an interview. But Abelard declared that human judgment, when guided by correct scholarship, was above church or Pope, and Arnold Brescia suggested that popes had no temporal authority. He was executed in 1155.

The Second Crusade was caused by the capture by the Turks of the Kingdom of Edessa, which left the Jerusalem Kingdom open to the enemy on the eastern side. Europe was again convulsed. Kings felt the contagion this time. Conrad of Germany and Louis VII of France united, but their armies were wasted in Asia Minor and the Crusade accomplished nothing.

Connected with the Third Crusade is the name of Saladin, the rising star of Islam, an interesting character, who recaptured Jerusalem, which has been in the hands of the Turks ever since. Unlike his predecessors, Saladin promised the Christians that if they surrendered the Holy City peaceably he would not defile it with blood. Among the leaders this time we find Henry II of England and Philippe IV of France. Pope Gregory VIII aided, and Frederick I, Barbarossa of Germany, was the great general of the expedition, who, however, was drowned at Constantinople. Here appears the name that stands beside that of Saladin in all the literature and romance of that period.—Richard the Lion-hearted. This man had everything given to man, except a conscience. He was Nietzsche's superman incarnate. He raised all the money possible in England, saying that he would sell London if he could find a purchaser. This was the first Crusade to go by sea, and the fleets were scenes of gayest display and revelry. Fair ladies accompanied the knights and social functions made the time pass quickly. The final result was that Richard captured Acre but Saladin prevented the capture of Jerusalem. This Third Crusade was a failure and cost the lives of 500,000 Europeans. However, from this time on all Pilgrims were allowed to have free access to Jeruaselm.

The Fourth Crusade was actually a war between the Greek and Roman churches for the possession of Constantinople. It hardly affected the Holy Land at all. The churches plotted and fought until, weakened by hopeless divisions, fell an easy prey to Turkey. The estimate of Pears is true: "The crime of the Fourth Crusade handed over Constantinople and the Balkan Peninsular to six centuries of barbarism."

The four remaining crusades did nothing to change the general situation. The strangest and most futile of the minor crusades was The Children's in 1212, when 80,000 German and French children were led by boys into slavery and oblivion.

The effects are briefly:

They have given us almost endless romances, hymns, songs, poems on chivalry and adventure in the East.

The Crusades ended the Feudal system and made Europe into kingdoms with centralized powers.

They created a spirit among men of Europe who had fought together, brought them to feel the common ties of one world.

They brought immense wealth and power to Church of Rome and suggested crusades against pretty much everything else on this planet.

While they helped Rome they also created, aroused, let loose the forces of free thought and independence and love of liberty which are her greatest dangers and foes. An impulse toward free thought in religion and democracy in politics was created by the crusades which will not easily pass.

The Crusades helped commerce, made men see the need of law, order. They mightily advanced that dream all wise and good men dream when the war drums will throb no longer, and we have a parliament of the world, a brotherhood of man, under a fatherhood of God.

QUESTIONS.

(1) How many crusades were there?
(2) Extended through how many years?
(3) Name some of the prominent leaders.
(4) Find out what you can of the children's crusade.
(5) Name some effects of crusades.

The Mourning Dove

"The feather of a bird," with its marvelous tinting, delicate engraving and mechanical architecture, stirred the scientific soul of Wallace so that he sang of the same in lines full of power and beauty. But the making of a bird's feather gives way to the still greater mystery of the evolution of the bird's song. To know a bird through the eye is a fine accomplishment, but to be acquainted with a bird by his song is a still more refining companionship. The following from a sympathetic reader of UNITY explains itself:

My Dear UNITY:

I was much interested in your "mourning dove" in this week's issue. I am glad you love the mourning dove. You will see from the enclosure that I too have communed with her. I spent Sunday, June 10th, in Michigan and was wakened by the dove and this is the result:

I love the gentle mourning dove. Her crooning call, so full of tenderness, sweetens my soul. Her mystic notes for me speak always of the ancient past, and link it to the now.

Sweet mourning dove, not meaning to complain, unwittingly reveals a million years of waiting, watching, mating; a million years of sorrow, care and patience. I love her, for she brings to my lone chamber this perfect day in June a waking song of mystery and tenderness. I strain my willing ear to catch each faintest note, for when she gives me of her gentlest plaint I hear no other song, nor wish to hear.

In these mad times of brutal power she brings a message which I fain would understand. A lamentation of the aeons and eternities gone by. To this wild frenzy which we prize as life, she tells us of a fiercer, wilder, blacker past, and gives us promise of a saner, juster time to come.

Sweet mourning dove; my love for you is not a passing love. My mother's mothers for a million years have wakened, and have listened on love's June mornings such as this, to your quaint murmurings. I am a child of nature and I love this song which you have sung for ages past to them.

I love you for your plaintive lay. I thank you for your age-long services.

June, 1916. J. H. OSTRANDER

To see one's way clear through the intricacies of life, to be sure of one's next step, and of a few steps to follow—at eleven, or at three score and ten—this is beatitude.—*Agnes Repplier.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR..... EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

BUSINESS — SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

How the state of Illinois controls the industrial situation in Springfield, and how Illinois has "messed up" the job is given much attention in the Russell Sage Foundation report on "Industrial Conditions in Springfield, Illinois."

The Springfield Survey has dealt primarily with Springfield and Sangamon County but the report is making clear that a good deal of the work for improving conditions must come through state action. No one city alone can solve its industrial problems, and all parts of Illinois suffer more or less from the present complicated system of overlapping boards and bureaus.

"It has been seen that much confusion prevails in administrating the labor laws (and in the laws themselves) because of the numerous unco-ordinated state bodies that have to do with industry and labor. The report shows that under the present statute "two establishments of exactly the same sort are often required to report to different authorities under different provisions." Coal mine operators not operating under the compensation law are compelled to report twice on each accident resulting in death or the loss of 30 or more days' time, one report being made to the mining inspector, and one to the labor statistics bureau. Public utility companies are also required to make two reports, one to the public utilities commission and one to either the industrial board or the bureau of labor statistics, depending upon whether they come under the compensation law or not. Confusion is further added by the fact that state officers and agencies receiving reports do not compile them for the same periods or in the same manner.

"Again there is considerable difference in methods and thoroughness in the work of the mine inspectors, railway safety inspectors, and those charged with inspecting factories, mercantile establishments, mills, and workshops; and so on," as explained in special sections of the report.

The surveyors recommend "that the numerous independent state bodies dealing with labor conditions be consolidated into one state department, to be called the Department of Labor and Mining, and with bureaus organized to have charge of special work. These should include a bureau of inspection responsible for railroad, factory, and other inspection service, except mining; a bureau of child labor; of employment, including supervision of the public employment agencies; of workmen's compensation; of mining; of research and labor statistics; and any others that may later be needed."

A number of states have reorganized their labor bodies in recent years, among them Wisconsin, Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania.

The consolidation of Illinois bureaus into one efficiently working unit is urged "as of primary importance in improving labor conditions all along the line: safety from accident and disease; reducing child labor, reducing unemployment, prohibiting the extension of work periods beyond legal hours, and securing better industrial relations—particularly if the plan of reorganization provides for the establishing of an Industrial Commission."

To make safety laws and other legislation practicable and really possible of enforcement the "Survey" report recommends a State Industrial Commission which shall be in executive control of the proposed Department of Labor and Mining.

"In some instances it may be advisable to handle particular evils by specific legislation; but for the great majority of the varying, detailed and multitudinous conditions presenting physical hazards it is not practicable to trust to specific laws. It is recommended instead that a general act be passed laying down the general principle, as is done by the Wisconsin law, that all places of employment must be made safe and that every employer must furnish and use safety devices and safeguards, 'and shall do every other thing reasonably necessary to protect the life, health, safety and welfare of employes.' It is further recommended that, as a part of the plan to reorganize the state industrial agencies, an Industrial Commission or Industrial Board be created as a part of the new Labor Department, and charged with administering the law."

This Industrial Commission should have jurisdiction over places of employment, and have power to "prescribe standards of safety, to order safeguards and safety devices, to fix reasonable standards for the construction, repair, and maintenance of places of employment, to issue orders designed to protect the life, health, safety, and welfare of employes, and to act as a board of arbitration, mediation, and conciliation. The law creating the commission should provide for prompt and full reporting of all accidents to this single body. Then, instead of enacting special laws the commission should, after an investigation

Increase Your Salary

The Gregg course offers the surest and quickest way to get a good position. Thousands of graduates with leading Chicago firms owe their initial success to Gregg training.

Enroll at any time DAY OR EVENING SESSIONS

Gregg training prepares for stenographic, secretarial, reporting, teaching and civil service positions. Expert teachers; individual progress; superb equipment; ideal environments and a select class of students,

Call, write or telephone (Randolph 6040) for catalogue.

GREGG SCHOOL
6 North Michigan Avenue - - Chicago, Illinois

and a hearing in such cases, issue an order covering the point in question."

CHARLES STELZLE ENTERS THE SERVICE OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL

Rev. Charles Stelzle has been elected by the Administrative Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America as Field Secretary for special service.

Mr. Stelzle lived in New York's tenements for twenty years of his early life and worked at the trade of machinist, before preparing for the work of the ministry. His successful pastoral work in St. Louis and Minneapolis was among the poor. He has probably delivered the message of Christianity before more workingmen than any other man in America. Among his outstanding achievements in this interest was the development of the Labor Temple in New York. He has been identified with practically every great movement of the church during the past fifteen years, and was one of the group of men who organized the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council, whose statement of principles has become a classic not only among the churches but among the common people.

Mr. Stelzle organized the department of Church and Labor of the Presbyterian Church and was its superintendent for ten years, during which time Labor Sunday was established, which is now observed annually by the churches throughout the country. Another important movement was the exchanging of fraternal delegates between labor organizations and ministerial associations. For twelve years Mr. Stelzle attended every annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, as a delegate representing the churches. He has served as arbitrator in many labor difficulties, and in each case has been selected by employees and employers as chairman of such arbitration boards.

Although chiefly known in the field of social service Mr. Stelzle has also been a successful pastor and a leader in evangelistic campaigns, especially in noonday shop meetings; he was dean of the social service workers of the Men and Religion Forward Movement in 1911-12, and the leader of one of its teams; has been active in the interests of church publicity; and directed the Home Mission Week publicity campaign for twenty-seven combined Home Missionary Societies.

One of his latest important public services was as director of relief and emergency measures for the Committee on Unemployment appointed by the mayor of New York. Still more recently he has been serving in the interest of temperance among workingmen.

THE CRICKET.

The cricket's meagre monody
Is rich enough for me;
I never hear an orchestra
Of so full symphony.

I hear in his reiterant note
A thousand different bars;
All sweetness of childish thought—
Dew-fall, the hush, the stars,

The autumn haze, the lone wood-ways;
My earliest love—my last—
He sings of these until I'm sure
The cricket knows my past.

The cricket sings—my vanished things
Come back—a tone, a touch!
He knows them; but my heart forbids
That he recall too much!

—Mrs. Merrill E. Gates.

CHURCH SEEKS MINISTER

A SMALL, live, liberal church, in City of 100,000, seeks a minister. One whose controlling purpose is to promote spiritual growth and outlook and right standards for public and private life, who has sound scholarship, liberal convictions, experience in church administration and capacity for sustained, orderly accomplishment, will receive loyal support in promising field. Popular pulpit orator or institutional minister not desired. Preliminary correspondence confidential. Address: Trustees, care of Unity.

NEW WARS FOR OLD

By

John Haynes Holmes

Minister of the Church of the Messiah, [Unitarian], New York City, author of "The Revolutionary Function of the Modern Church," "Marriage and Divorce," "Is Death the End?," etc.

DR. FREDERICK LYNCH, *Editor of Christian Work and Evangelist, says:*

"I have read 'New Wars for Old' with great interest. No one has put the case of moral force surpassing physical, and of love as the most irresistible thing, more strongly or persuasively than Mr. Holmes has here. It is the most stimulating reading I have found in a long time; every page challenges one; and its moral intensity is tremendous.

Mr. GEORGE FOSTER PEABODY, says: "I know of no present day work that takes up so thoroughly and fearlessly the whole history of the deep questions involved in the rise of man to the position of mental and spiritual dominance and true eminence. I think no better service for true preparedness can be rendered this country than to have this book read most widely."

THE NEW YORK EVENING POST
"A counterblast to militarism

Second Edition now Ready

At your booksellers or direct from the publishers, $1.50 net, Special rates from the publishers on quantity orders.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY
443 Fourth Ave., New York City

House Furnishings
Hardware
Janitor Supplies

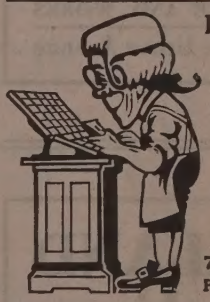
BUY AT HOME
Save Money

Reich Bros.
3972 Cottage Grove Avenue

Carry a Complete line at lowest prices

Telephone Drexel 440

Pay Gas Bills Here
Free of Charge



It's a "Case" of Necessity

Your job will be set right and printed right at the

OAKLAND PRINTING SHOP
743 E. 39th Street
Phone Kenwood 6535

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.

Florists and Decorators

923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830

3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

OAKLAND Motor Livery

Telephone { Oakland 100 / Drexel 1288-1289

1049 E. 43rd Street
821 E. 39th Street

LIMOUSINES FOR HIRE

NOTE OUR RATES
Lowest in Chicago

ONE PASSENGER

First Half Mile	$0.40
Each Half Mile Thereafter	.10
Each Hour Waiting Time	.80

EXTRA PASSENGERS

For Each Passenger Above One, For the Entire Trip, Extra	.10

Let us hear from Lincoln Centre If it Pays to Advertise

PUBLICATIONS
OF
JENKIN LLOYD JONES

Jess: Bits of Wayside Gospel. Cloth $1.50

A Search for an Infidel: Bits of Wayside Gospel (Second Series). Cloth ..... 1.50 The two volumes 2.50

Love and Loyalty. Sermons preached to the Confirmation Classes of Abraham Lincoln Centre. Cloth, net 1.50

What Does Christmas Really Mean? By John T. McCutcheon and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. With colored cartoon cover and frontispiece by Mr. McCutcheon. Boards, net, 50 cents; postpaid ..... .45

Nuggets from a Welsh Mine. Cloth, net 1.00

A Chorus of Faith, as heard in the Parliament of Religions. A book of selections giving points of harmony between the representatives of the various religions. Edited by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Cloth 1.00

Seven Great Religious Teachers: I, Moses; II, Zoroaster; III, Confucius; IV, Buddha; V, Socrates; VI, Jesus; VII, Mohammed. The seven pamphlets in a neat case, net ..... .75

The Faith That Makes Faithful. By W. C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Silk cloth, net ..... .75
Paper ..... .25

On the Firing Line in the Battle for Sobriety. Boards ..... .50

History and Practice of Religion. Seven-year course outline. 16-page pamphlet ..... .15

Introduction to the Books of the Old Testament. Edited by members of Mr. Jones' class. In sheets, suitable for "tipping" into Bibles ..... .25

Reinforcements of Faith: A Dedication Trilogy. Net ..... .25

Practical Piety. Paper, 10c. Cloth, net ..... .30

Ten Noble Poems. Paper, net ..... .25

Advice to Girls. From John Ruskin, with Lenten Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Paper, net ..... .35

The Dying Message of Paracelsus. With an introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. In decorated envelope. Paper, net ..... .50

Conscience Calls: Five sermons. The Call of the City, Church, Home, Individual, State. Paper, net ..... .25

The Selfishness of Grief ..... .10

Death as a Friend ..... .10

The Divinity of Fatherhood ..... .10

The Dual Mystery: What is Materialism? ..... .10

Great Hopes for Great Souls ..... .10

The Intellectual Life ..... .10

What Shall I Do to Be Saved ..... .10

The Carpenter's Son the Leader of Men ..... .10

A Plea for Peace Among the Nations ..... .10

Sunday Talks About Sunday ..... .10

Applied Religion. I, A New Help for the Drunkard; II, Tobacco, the Second Intoxicant; III, No Sex in Crime; IV, Not Institutions, but Homes. Each ..... .10

The Monroe Doctrine Enlarged ..... .05

The Cause of the Toiler ..... .05

In Preparation. Seven Sermons of Love for the Battle-Torn Peoples, to be issued in book form.

Lectures. So far as other engagements permit, Mr. Jones is open for engagements to lecture on peace and kindred topics.

UNITY. A weekly journal of unsectarian religion, for International Unity, Good Citizenship, Good Literature and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion. Established 1878. $2.00 per annum. (Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor.)

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY
ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE
CHICAGO